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STREET, NEW YORK.  
Editor, HENRY CLAPP, Jr.  
of the N. Y. Saturday Press  
No. 9 Spruce Street, N. Y.

From Punch.

POSTSCRIPT TO "POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS."

Mr. PEACE presents his best compliments to Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING of whose genius there is not a more devoted and discriminating worshiper than himself, and having just read her *Poems Before Congress*, and specially in her outpour of womanly gratitude for the supposed good conduct of their friend L. N. Mr. P. will not trouble Mrs. B. to send him over the Postscript which he knows that, on becoming acquainted with the truth, she must be composing. He has done it himself, for her, and hastens to publish it:

xx.

Stop! Ho! I am!  
I've been going a little to fast,  
With the world's care on me;  
Was glad to be brightly to last,  
And now it goes out with a smell.  
What, does that Sword of Edom  
Come driving a piece of trade,  
And selling Hallow freedom  
By the yard instead of the blade?  
Hanging at France's waist?  
The world's care is all the Alps,  
As a single little is grand  
To a row of its crimson scalps.  
Ah me! Well, well!  
Must I then keep him, perform, a cur,  
Him who had deemed a brave bound;  
And in the rich blood of Corsica?  
Still must the puddle be found?  
Terrible end of my hopes,  
After enchanting Dantes,  
Scaring the Last of the Popes,  
Now he goes stealing the Shores  
Evermore.

xxi.

As? I beg to retract.  
All I've said in his vault,  
I wasn't aware of the fact  
With which the Governments taunt  
The Nephew of His of the Rock  
And in which he is born,  
Mid Italy's joy and ballyhoo,  
That second grim day of December,  
Stamping him eminent Do.  
Nor the odds that he trampled through:  
Tramped with feet that grew redder  
With Mars and Mars' sign,  
Like the signs of the vintage trader,  
When grapes are bleeding to wine.  
I retract it, every line,  
Stop crowing, then humbling Cock,  
Ye have right, I affirm, to be sowing,  
Souls of old England free;  
I join in thy grunting and growling,  
Lest that sit, the world's a-buzz,  
You know better than I did,  
That mystic and Spynakelike talker;  
He ought to be jolly well hidde.  
For his vices that have turned Walker,  
Look to your shore, or some day on its  
Soil, without telescopes,  
You'll see half a million of layabouts;  
England, evermore.

xxii.

A Correction of the (Imperial) Press.  
When kickups would praise  
The Empire or France,  
To immense "soar" face.  
They claim they advance.

Now, that ground of applause  
Should be changed by a letter;  
Since Savoy has been done,  
"Soar" face would read better.

The Man and the Snake.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Seven Confederates.  
Once on a time, as 'Eep tells,  
A hind, a bairn, an iron weather,  
Found on the bairn a power fell,  
A snake, a cold, cold sound to her.

And she sent the creature from the ground,  
And said about to fling it by,  
When lo, some spark of life he found  
Still glowing in its evil eye.

The bairn, whose large compassion ranged  
From that reptile most abased,  
Sudden his idle purpose changed,  
And placed the serpent in his breast.

Under his kindly bosom's glow,

Slowly the stiffened coils out-draw'd;  
The thickening bairn required its flow,  
The smoky instinct was waked anew.

The man was glad to feel awake,  
The crawling life within his vest;  
For to have harbored e'en a snake  
Is pleasure in a gen'ous breast.

Sudden he stope', with shrick and start;

Then falls a corse all sw'ln' and black';  
The snake's bad tooth had pierce'd the heart,  
Whose warmth to life had brought it back.

Well, simple Sutain, had it been?

Had now of this old fable thought;  
When, tracked by justice, close and keen,  
Your mountaineers young Narrows sought—

Assume their snouts to claim,

From France's King, against whose crown  
His hand had reached, with daring aim;

In swift a scuttling put down;

On shelter of your rocks you gave  
To him and his desperate cause;

He'd be, was he true man or knave,  
Blameless, or guilty by the laws.

Enough that harbor'd required;

Enough that he could give;  
The panting fugitive respire;

And youth your Alps was free to live.

France asked, "What's the reason?"

She threwned, "I've detest her might;  
For years your mountain-screen we used,

Where with to hide his schemes of might—

At length full flushed with power he stand'd  
Power, to your mothering kindness due;  
And turns the pastoral hands

Which you kept free, to strike at you!

The library of the late celebrated geographer,  
Dr. Carl Ritter, is measured for sale. It is one of the  
most costly and numerous collections in the possession  
of a private individual in Europe, and especially re-  
markable for its treasures of antiquarian and ethno-  
graphical literature. The number of the volumes is  
about two thousand. Maps, &c. &c. A catalogue may be  
had from me at the leading Berlin booksellers.

## NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

III.

The work of Barry meets a popular demand, yet is  
teeb in motive and wrong in principle. Lambdin is  
inclined to work the same vein to put finger in the  
eye. The pathetic is a cheap resource; it shocks the  
circulating library, the poet's corner, and ladies' magazine.  
From Werther to the "Wide, Wide World,"  
sentiment, in every direction, is the luxury of the weak,  
the contempt of the strong. Heroism is the only  
healthy influence; enjoyment, determination, equality  
to every fortune. It is never a situation, as of watch-  
ers with the sick, of mourners, and the disconsolate,  
which deeply interests, but the attitude of a man  
under the stroke of fate. There must be a manifested  
energy, converting sorrow itself to a joy deeper than  
joy. Character is like music, a solution of discords.

In Shakespeare's view, in that of Leighton, pathos is  
altogether subordinate; the incident is secondary, the quality  
of the agents or sufferers primary. The tragedy of  
great masters is not tragedy, a cloud in the sun-  
shine. Their hero may be killed, he is never con-  
quered. In Romeo and Juliet a love is shown which  
cannot be subject to fate or interrupted by death.  
This immortality of passion is purpose in our legiti-  
mate resource. "The true artist," said Beethoven,  
"has no tears in him, but fire." Pathos is to character  
Kirk White to Keats, "water gruel to Greek wine,"  
as Schiller to Delaroche, as Mrs. Hemans to Mrs. Brown-  
ing, as Mrs. Browning to Tennyson; for there is a  
sliding scale of energy from the backdoored, lace  
pocket-handkerchief style of Hon. Mrs. Norton, to the  
elevated melancholy of Schaffer's "Mignon" aspiring to  
heaven. Art is enjoyment of life; inspiration is the  
superiority of man to his accidents, the supremacy of  
the soul.

In the work of Barry and Lambdin our attention is  
called to the incident, to bereavement. The charm of  
the figures is supposed to be their sadness, and we are  
invited to share it. But the pathos of Delaroche is in  
the beholder, not in his work. We are at once softened  
and elevated by the unconsciousness of Lady Jane  
Grey feeling blindfold for the block, by the defiance of  
Marie Antoinette. They are unconquered, and our  
tears of sympathy, are tears of pride and triumph, as  
well. There is tenfold force of incident reduced to in-  
significance, by the spirit which cannot be depressed.  
In the figure, as in landscape, our strength is sunshine,  
and shadow is rightly employed only as foil and em-  
phasis for that. To sustain pathos an artist must  
never rely on pathos, but present a character of com-  
manding interest in every situation.

There is, however, an immense public which delights  
in nothing but parboiling and tenderness. He will be  
hero for the crowd whose hot water is quickest and  
most copious in flow.

J. T. Peele exhibits every year the same pictures of  
children (401, 402). They grow no better; they are  
feebly drawn, colored, and felt. Without doubt the  
patience of the artist and the public is wasted on them.  
They especially lack the unconsciousness and absorption  
of childhood in its lonely thought. That remote-  
ness is the great charm of the little people, as though  
their sources were altogether out of reach in the sky.

We have not made sufficient acknowledgment to Mr.  
Gifford for our enjoyment of Nos. 317 and 318. His  
other works of the season leave an impression of  
pleasure mingled with uncertainty, as of something  
good which by a slight improvement would be made  
much better; but each of these is a complete satisfac-  
tion in itself. In both he is unembarrassed by a fore-  
ground, and free to express his delight in space and  
sunshine with perfect repose. So much he is able very  
perfectly and certainly to accomplish, but perhaps 407,  
without the same success, is more creditable, as a vigorous  
effort in a new direction. For progress, Gifford  
plainly needs now an enlargement of his field, variety  
of objects and effects, command of foliage and local  
color.

Mignot (226) seems to be suffering from a chromatic  
fever. We have all heard of the artist who complained  
that Nature put him out. She seems on the contrary to  
have inflamed Mr. Mignot so, that the fire department  
would hardly be able to put him out. He takes color  
if not "naked," as they take whiskey in the West, at  
least "barefoot," and produces what our English friends  
would call a very "stunning" effect.

Colman's single picture (201) is dignified and simple  
in design, though somewhat weak in execution. It  
is not merely a composition like the work of Shattuck  
(54), but a consistent and pervading emotion, which is,  
as the artist tells us, very tender and sweet. Keats  
diluted is Shelley; Shelley diluted is Keats; both  
are poets unquestioned. So if you admire the fine  
of robust landscape-feeling with water of sentiment  
till you make a mist of glowing sentimentality, that  
is Colman. His work is a dinner of whipped cream,  
the Lubin's Extract of landscape. How far this pro-  
cess of sublimation can be carried before the fire be-  
comes mere water-beschit, it is impossible to say.  
Colman's view is at least that of alegismus is sympath-  
etic, not coldly intellectual. It is himself, it is unique.  
It would be sufficiently admired if only his friends dared  
express their admiration. But who can be valiant on  
so delicate a stimulant?

The work of Suydam is this year labored without  
much suggestion (323), as though his subjects had  
tasked his powers too severely. They are studies rather  
than pictures, but by fidelity he seems preparing to do  
something better another time.

Matteson in his Scarlet Letter (437) has remarkably  
missed the strength of Hester Prynne. His work is  
always weak for lack of individuality in the figures.  
They do not sustain the scene. Of course the more  
important the subject the greater the failure.

Lentz, with many times more scenic vigor, with  
splendibility to paint, is unable to convince, because he  
does not understand Washington, or any other in-  
terior, undramatic, commanding, or, as Goethe  
would say, "demonic" man, who acts by presence and  
inspiration, not by exertion of legs and arms. The  
artist says distinctly, "such were the men who did the  
deed," and we answer yea or nay. Lentz has power,  
not only of representation, but of action, yet nothing  
but specific gravity, a repose in action, will make an  
impressive work. The American Revolution is a secret  
of manhood, of determination, behind every act.

It is easy to see what would have been the end of  
that struggle, if the Washington of Valley Forge had  
been the Washington of our popular histories, or of  
Peale's picture (158). This is a softening of every  
masculine trait in the respectable portrait by Trumbull,  
and the more energetic one by Stuart—an attempt to  
combine and correct the forms of both without regard  
for the spirit of either. It is Washington and water;  
the ideal heads of Baker (297, 310) are well drawn  
and colored, but entirely unimaginative. They have  
not the interest of portraits, for an earnest study  
of individual character is always lifted, in proportion  
to its vigor, from the commonplace toward the ideal.  
The portraits of Huntington, Greene, Hall, Barry,  
Reade, are much more vital than their compositions.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

It is observed that every living character in modern  
fiction is a portrait; like the "Antiquary" of Scott,  
the men of Charlotte Bronte and Adam Bede.

Imagination feeds and works always on fact, being  
able to transfigure the actual, while fancy is vague and  
impalpable. Actual impression can be spared only  
where there is a haunting faculty of mental vision, making  
images more real and tangible than those of sight.  
A definite object well felt makes good, though  
not a first-rate picture, but an object neither seen in  
the world nor yet in the spontaneous mind—only  
thought and contrived—is of no value.

Our Art would be regenerated by recognition of this  
law, and a general return from embellishment to  
interpretation of fact. Every strong step is taken in  
this direction. See the practice of Johnson and May.  
Compare Carpenter's Vashli (400) with his portrait of  
you remember it, of Dr. Storrs, or the Study (510) of  
Geo. L. Brown, with his work of the Studio (224).

The intellect is renewed by fact as our bodies by  
bread and meat. It is the sound body of Art, which  
carries the sound mind. Fancy is intellect emanated,  
become effeminate, and even with the fire of genius  
quenched. It dwelt in the landscape of Colman, the  
"Minor" (336) of Greene. Imagination, conception  
as we name it, is embodiment; is union of spirit with  
rugged, practical, and positive form. Fancy is  
abortion, commerce, as of Ixion with the cloud.

Barry and Chapman, Lang, J. T. Peele, Octavius  
Birch, Aubrey (411), Lambdin (663), all exhibit pic-  
tures without a subject, pictures which represent an  
abstract thought, or sentiment thinner than thought,  
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It is observed that every living character in modern



by the Mayor and Aldermen ('Mon Dieu ! can't they even let the theatre alone ?'), and Richelieu Bourgeois. There was a presentation of course. A handsome Pompeian vase, appropriately inscribed, was received by B. W., in what Mr. Sanford would call 'the simple dress of an American citizen.' Instead of handles, the vase had the Harp of Ireland on each side. Did you ever ? I am sure I never did, and I put as much emphasis on that never as A. M.'s Da did when she told her that Sophonisba was going to be married to Tom Racket, whom the Governor can't keep in the Bank no nowhere, and who won't do anything but play at billiards and drink brandy and water all day and all night. Nobody except an Irishman could have gotten up that vase.

B. W. made a speech. B. W. said that he tried to play the Irish peasant as he is. That the people of Ireland, who ought to know accepted him, B. W., as a proper person to uphold the Green, and perform on the celebrated musical instrument of Tara's Hall. As for Irish gentlemen, he did not think it was proper that they had that liberality to authors was the true spirit of book-selling enterprise. 'Curious.'

In his review of John Forster's Arrest of the Five

Members by Charles the First, the London Atheneum has a pleasant passage relative to that fascinating grammaire, Charles the Second :

Even he, who has been properly brought up, is familiar, on the stage, and in the picture-galleries, with the ideal image of the English Monarch. A bright young gentleman he is—a young Apollo, blithe and debonair—with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye, a full brow, a play and bounding step, an incommodious position for pranks and pretty girls, roving, ready, and always in a hurry, to help a friend in distress with his purse, as he is to comfort the landlord's buxom daughter with a kiss. This popular version may be seen any week at the Adelphi, say May on the walls in Trafalgar Square. Another figure, somewhat more close to nature and the books, is that of a dark old man, bald and bearded, eyes black with debility, face wrinkled, and speech slow, a man addled to the grain in the mists of a roost of masters and courtiers, who wrangle with each other and play false to him, a King ready to sell his country to his enemies, and give up his religion for a bribe—a Prince to whom no man was ever attached—and no woman ever true.

Foreign journals announce as coming (if not already come), at Stuttgart, a new opera, 'The Eve of St. John,' by Herr Prael—at Gotha, another, 'Frederick with Empty Pockets,' by Herr Nargillier. The names of both composers are new to us.

— 'GIL BLAS,' a five-act opera, by M. Semet, has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Madame Ugalde in the principal character. 'Fidelio' is in preparation there for Madame Vardot.

— It appears from an article on 'The House of Longman,' published in the *London Oracle*, that Goldsmith rather got the worst of it in his well-known encounter with the bookseller Evans. The statement of this article is that while Evans was publishing the *Morning Chronicle*, a paragraph appeared in it against Dr. Goldsmith, which so highly incensed the Doctor, that he was determined to seek revenge; and so after object presenting himself than the publisher"—always the scamp—“he was resolved all the weight should fall upon his back. Accordingly, he—“poor dear Goldie”—went to the office, cane in hand, and fell upon him in a most unmerciful manner. This Mr. Evans resented in a true pugilistic style; and in a few moments the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'—think of that, Mr. John Forster!—“was disarmed, and extended on the floor, to the no small diversion of the bystanders.”

— Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, announces a second edition of his 'Dictionary of Modern Slang,' with considerable additions.

— The last new play in Paris is a five-act work, 'La Tentation,' by M. Peillet.

— A remarkable instance of the rising appreciation of an author was afforded by the recent sale in London of a collection of the works of Daniel Defoe. It comprised about one hundred of his rarest pieces on Magic, Travels, Adventure, Political Pamphlets, and temporary tracts, of many of which hardly another copy could be found. It was bound up in 72 volumes of various sizes, and brought the extraordinary price of £481, or more than \$2,000.

— The following from the last number of the *London Advertiser* indicates a blunder on the part of that astute periodical which deserves to rank among the 'Curiosities of Literature':

— Mrs. E. B. Browning wishes to state that the version of her 'Poems before Congress,' entitled 'A Curious Novel,' is not to be found in the United States.

— A WARD BOAR'S Head, garnished with spears.

— 'Lotte a full-color's bear,' a German one.

— Boston Lovers, with mayonnaise sauce.

— 'Oysters, stewed, with vegetable sauce.

— Which will put on us, As pigeons feed their young.'

— *ANARCHIST.*—What's the last in silence of the night?

— *GRASS PIE.*—With sugar.

— I had rather have a handful or two of peas.

— *WATER CLOSET.*—The water not corn for the rich men only.

— *ONION.*—Stewed with gravy.

— An onion will do well for such a dish.

— Daylight and champagne discovers not more.'

— *THIRD COURSE.*

— What's the name, the end is the reason?

— *ENGLISH BEEF.*—Basted, on the bone.

— I should time expand with such a snipe.

— *BAKED CHICKEN.*—Roasted.

— O ! dainty duck.

— *SOUP.*—With a swift as meditation.

— A WARD BOAR'S Head, garnished with spears.

— 'Lotte a full-color's bear,' a German one.

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— Which will put on us, As pigeons feed their young.'

— *FOURTH COURSE.*

— The fruits little to tiny kickshaws.'

— New Purson.—'blood's padding.'

— The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns.'

— *QUICHE.*—They call for quiches in the pastry.'

— *CAKES OF APPLES.*—Car'd like an apple tart.'

— *CREAM KETCHUP.*—Ketchup—conditio and snow granges.'

— The last of many double kisses.'

— *TEA-FREEZ ICE CREAM.*

— Tut, tut, then all are thy, kindly freeze.'

— *DESSERT.*

— A last year's papa, & & with a dash of Carraway.'

— Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins of the sun.'

— There's still of you for you.'

— Give a this orange to your friend.'

— And such new notes.'

— Make a new note.'

— Go, fetch me a quart of mead, put a toast in it.'

— And good store of fertile Sherry.'

— Some apple-vine, ho !

— It has remained for Sanderson, who is to our cuisine what Sora was to London and Paris, to have made a new Shaksperian Discovery. The author of 'Shaksper's Shaksper, and, jointly with Miss LARA KENN and GENO C. SCOTT, of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' is said to have grown two inches shorter since the above came out.

It was long ago proven that SHAKESPEARE must have been a doctor, again that he followed the sea, and finally Lord CAMPBELL demonstrated to his own satisfaction, if not to that of anybody else, that the Bard of Avon was a lawyer, but it has remained for Sanderson to show that the divine Williams could have kept an hotel.

I think W. S. was almost the only literary man on record who could have kept an hotel, and the discovery is one of the highest interest to the whole craft as well as to the public in general.

Anybody would have supposed that even the *Century* savans would have been satisfied with this Sandersonian discovery; but no, they must have their big hit speeches by W. M. EVANS (ord non ! what would the Pilgrim Fathers have said to such conduct on the part of their degenerate descendants?), the Rev. Mr. HENSON (he has made a good thing out of W. T.), RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the longest and mildest of the noble army of commentators; JAMES T. BROWN—who is clever before twelve honest men in any Oyer and Terminer jury-box when that at the bar of literary criticism, but don't know it; J. H. SNOOK (who is he?), who spoke for 'the Players,' and was appropriately preceded by 'Blow, Blow, those Wintry Wind,' and two other platiophores unknown, I think, to the trumpet of fame. That's all, I reckon. Who says that's enough ?

— *PERSONAE.*

— *Literature Abroad.*

— Messrs. Griffin & Co., London, announce that they have in active preparation an English Translation of the *Liber Albus*, the White Book of the City of London, compiled A. D. 1419, by John Carpenter, Richard Whittington, Mayor, translated by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A., in one vol. small 4to. Price 12s. 6d.

— The fourth volume of 'The History of the Mexican Controversy,' by Garrison, is about to appear, and extend to the Independence of the South American Republics in 1825. The history of the Congress of Tucuman, La Plata, and Venezuela, is for the first time described in this work, after official documents taken from the archives of the respective countries.

— Great excitement is now existing in France among liberal men of letters as to the probable fate of Voltaire's literary rights. Through his wife (the first legitimate) and the Marquise de Villette, the entire personal property of Voltaire has descended to a French

prelate. Mgr. de Dreiss Weile, Bishop of Meaux, one of the most intolerant and retrograde members of the Gallican hierarchy, to whom the very name of the great writer must be a bougher. "What will he do with it?" is the question uppermost in the minds of the liberals. Considering the precious bequest, which includes even the heart of Voltaire preserved in a silver urn, an Auto da Fe of the invaluable relic, papers, etc., is more than hinted at, and seems to be within the power of the ungodly prelate.

— Paul Mendelssohn, the brother of the composer, proposes to publish a collection of the latter's correspondence, and he calls on all who have any manuscripts from his hand, to allow him to use them. Herr Dreyse will edit the volume.

— The London *Oracle* records the solemn fact that a publisher of the last century, Mr. George Robinson, who before the year 1780 had the largest wholesale trade that was ever carried on by an individual, actually believed that liberality to authors was the true spirit of book-selling enterprise. 'Curious.'

— In his review of John Forster's Arrest of the Five

Members by Charles the First, the London Atheneum has a pleasant passage relative to that fascinating grammaire, Charles the Second :

Even he, who has been properly brought up, is familiar, on the stage, and in the picture-galleries, with the ideal image of the English Monarch. A bright young gentleman he is—a young Apollo, blithe and debonair—with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye, a full brow, a play and bounding step, an incommodious position for pranks and pretty girls, roving, ready, and always in a hurry, to help a friend in distress with his purse, as he is to comfort the landlord's buxom daughter with a kiss. This popular version may be seen any week at the Adelphi, say May on the walls in Trafalgar Square. Another figure, somewhat more close to nature and the books, is that of a dark old man, bald and bearded, eyes black with debility, face wrinkled, and speech slow, a man addled to the grain in the mists of a roost of masters and courtiers, who wrangle with each other and play false to him, a King ready to sell his country to his enemies, and give up his religion for a bribe—a Prince to whom no man was ever attached—and no woman ever true.

— Foreign journals announce as coming (if not already come), at Stuttgart, a new opera, 'The Eve of St. John,' by Herr Prael—at Gotha, another, 'Frederick with Empty Pockets,' by Herr Nargillier. The names of both composers are new to us.

— 'GIL BLAS,' a five-act opera, by M. Semet, has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Madame Ugalde in the principal character. 'Fidelio' is in preparation there for Madame Vardot.

— It appears from an article on 'The House of Longman,' published in the *London Oracle*, that Goldsmith rather got the worst of it in his well-known encounter with the bookseller Evans. The statement of this article is that while Evans was publishing the *Morning Chronicle*, a paragraph appeared in it against Dr. Goldsmith, which so highly incensed the Doctor, that he was determined to seek revenge; and so after object presenting himself than the publisher"—always the scamp—“he was resolved all the weight should fall upon his back. Accordingly, he—“poor dear Goldie”—went to the office, cane in hand, and fell upon him in a most unmerciful manner. This Mr. Evans resented in a true pugilistic style; and in a few moments the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'—think of that, Mr. John Forster!—“was disarmed, and extended on the floor, to the no small diversion of the bystanders.”

— Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, announces a second edition of his 'Dictionary of Modern Slang,' with considerable additions.

— The last new play in Paris is a five-act work, 'La Tentation,' by M. Peillet.

— A remarkable instance of the rising appreciation of an author was afforded by the recent sale in London of a collection of the works of Daniel Defoe. It comprised about one hundred of his rarest pieces on Magic, Travels, Adventure, Political Pamphlets, and temporary tracts, of many of which hardly another copy could be found. It was bound up in 72 volumes of various sizes, and brought the extraordinary price of £481, or more than \$2,000.

— The following from the last number of the *London Advertiser* indicates a blunder on the part of that astute periodical which deserves to rank among the 'Curiosities of Literature':

— Mrs. E. B. Browning wishes to state that the version of her 'Poems before Congress,' entitled 'A Curious Novel,' is not to be found in the United States.

— A WARD BOAR'S Head, garnished with spears.

— 'Lotte a full-color's bear,' a German one.

— Boston Lovers, with mayonnaise sauce.

— 'Oysters, stewed, with vegetable sauce.

— Which will put on us, As pigeons feed their young.'

— *ANARCHIST.*—What's the last in silence of the night?

— *GRASS PIE.*—With sugar.

— I had rather have a handful or two of peas.

— *WATER CLOSET.*—The water not corn for the rich men only.

— *ONION.*—Stewed with gravy.

— An onion will do well for such a dish.

— Daylight and champagne discovers not more.'

— *THIRD COURSE.*

— The fruits little to tiny kickshaws.'

— New Purson.—'blood's padding.'

— The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns.'

— *QUICHE.*—They call for quiches in the pastry.'

— *CAKES OF APPLES.*—Car'd like an apple tart.'

— *CREAM KETCHUP.*—Ketchup—conditio and snow granges.'

— The last of many double kisses.'

— *TEA-FREEZ ICE CREAM.*

— Tut, tut, then all are thy, kindly freeze.'

— *DESSERT.*

— A last year's papa, & & with a dash of Carraway.'

— Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins of the sun.'

— There's still of you for you.'

— Give a this orange to your friend.'

— And such new notes.'

— Go, fetch me a quart of mead, put a toast in it.'

— And good store of fertile Sherry.'

— Some apple-vine, ho !

— It has remained for Sanderson, who is to our cuisine what Sora was to London and Paris, to have made a new Shaksperian Discovery. The author of 'Shaksper's Shaksper, and, jointly with Miss LARA KENN and GENO C. SCOTT, of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' is said to have grown two inches shorter since the above came out.

